A SATYR AGAINST IN-JUSTICE: OR, Sc--gs upon Sc--gs.

1. A Butchers Son (Judge) Capital,
Poor Proteſtants for to enthral,
And *England* to enſlave, Sirs.

2. Loſe both our *Laws* and *Lives* (we muſt)
When to do Juſtice, we intruſt
So known and errand Knaves, Sirs.

3. Some hungry Prieſts he once did fell
With mighty Stroaks, and them to Hell
Sent furiouſly away, Sirs.

4. Would you know why? The reaſon's plain;
They had no Engliſh nor French Coyn
To purchaſe longer Stay, Sirs.

5. The Pope, to Purgatory ſends
Who neither Money have (nor Friends;)
In this he's not alone, Sirs.

6. Our Judge to Mercy's not inclin'd,
Unleſs Gold change Conſcience and Mind,
You are infallibly gone, Sirs.

7. His Father, once exempted was
Out of all Juries; VVhy? Becauſe
He was a man of Blood, Sirs.

8. And why the Butcherly Son, forſooth,
Should now be Judge and Jury both.
Can't well be underſtood, Sirs.

9. The good old man, with Knife and Knocks,
Made harmleſs Sheep and ſtubborn Ox
Stoop to him in his fury.

10. But the Brib'd Son, like greedy Auff,
Kneels down and worſhips Golden Caff;
And ſo did all the Jury.

11. Better hadſt been at Father's Trade,
An honeſt Livelihood t'have made,
In hampering Bulls with Collers,

12. Than to thy Country prove unjuſt,
Firſt ſell, and then betray thy Truſt
For ſo many hard Rix-dollers.

13. Prieſts and Phyſician, thou didſt ſave
From Gallows, Fire, and the Grave;
For which we can't endure thee.

14. The one can ne'er abſolve thy Sins,
And th'other, though he now begins,
Of Knavery ne're can cure thee.

15. But leſt we all ſhould end thy Life,
And with a keen-whet Chopping-knife,
In a thouſand pieces cleave thee,

16. Let th'Parliament firſt him undertake,
They'll make the Raſcal ſtink at Stake;
And ſo like a Knave let's leave thee.

FINIS.